

Harry lay in a decrepit, nearly frozen cell contemplating his future. Moving, even trembling brought sharp, and numbing pain to his several broken limbs and weakened muscles; he remained as still as he could, while planning his escape before he was forced to squash away the almost happy thoughts as his guard arrived. The dementors were wiser than most thought as they only visited enough to terrorize him but left a happy memory or two to bring others forward. The spells on the bars of his cell had been changed just for him so he would remember his time at Hogwarts; the most concentrated time of happiness in his life, and it was all he could do to bring up hate and anger instead.

This time, he did not get the chance to fight off the effects as the vile creature wasn't alone. Three new hellish monsters stood by its side, amplifying the pain and terror he was already feeling. There were soon dozens outside his door and he was barely even conscious under the torrent of dark power.

As if he had a pensieve, he was going through his memories from hours after he was born, to the last second before friends left him. Clarity of thought was bestowed upon him as even more dementors flocked to what must have been the last shred of happy memories he possessed. His mother liked odd combinations of food, his father was hit with a broom more than he flew on one, Ron stole small amounts of gold from his bag from time to time, Hermione would go through his trunk without asking, and Cho really wanted him to repair their relationship at first. Other useless tidbits of information were brought forward as he weakened and tried to retract into himself.

Then it all stopped. The dementors no longer feverishly clawed at his cell door. His memories weren't bouncing off the walls of his mind. Once he came to his senses, he realized that the dementors were scattering almost comically leaving a single, large one in their wake. The tall, broad dementor floated straight through the bars and bent over him.

"Don't give up." a masculine voice called out. "You have never quit before, do not start now." it continued.

“What are you?” he rasped. Harry never got visitors before, at least now one who didn’t want to kill him. So a dementor appearing in his cell and not trying to rip his soul away was definitely new.

“I’m you, Harry” an older man who looked like James Potter stated. “No Harry, hold on! I still need to tell you someth...” the rest of his speech was warbled as the prisoner Harry passed out.

An hour later, Harry finally woke up. “You ok? Sorry, but that was an extremely stupid question, right? Anyway drink this,” a man that looked oddly like James Potter commanded. Without a thought, Harry gulped down a potion of unknown purpose. ‘Dad is back, and he is helping me!’ he excitedly thought. “Sorry Harry but I only made myself look like your dad to calm you down. I really look more like Tom Riddle and a much younger Dumbledore”.

Harry was at the other site of the cell faster than even he had thought possible. ‘Does Voldemort have a son? Oh my god he’s going to bring me to his father and then I’ll be killed!’ ignoring a small voice that asked if he cared, Harry let the mini Volde approach, then flung he arm out and nailed Volde Jr. in the temple. The pain from that large of an effort immediately brought is mind out of order as a last lingering ‘At least he’s out cold’ passed through his head. The dementor who looked like his enemy smiled at his own will to survive, even after two years of Azkaban.

Again, Harry was fed a potion by his father, only this time James stopped somewhere after ten of them. Then the memories of what happened shot straight through his clouded brain and to the front of his head.

“What are you doing to me?!” he shouted. Well, would have shouted if his voice didn’t fail half way though and make the rest a grating whisper.

“I told you, I’m you so I wouldn’t hurt you. Why would I poison myself if I need me you help me? Oh, and you can call me Tom as thinking of me as a dementor isn’t helping you is it?” the odd man stated.

“Why the hell should I believe you? You’re probably either an order member or a death Eater sent to gain my trust.” Harry’s voice went

from a wheeze to a dry hiss, and started to regain some of the force behind it.

“Listen kid, I’ve got about a year to live, and I will get an apprentice, even if I have to rip your soul from its body and fuse it with mine!” The creature’s strong voice steadily got angrier and quieter, until it was just parselmouth whispers. Suddenly, a hand shot out from the thick dementor cloak, and Tom whispered arcane words next to his head. Turning to see what happened, Harry managed to gaze upon the angry waves of the ocean sullied by Azkaban collected darkness for the first time, in place of his scarred wall.

“That could have been your body. You may have lived through a killing curse, but there isn’t anything stopping your body from being destroyed, is there? I could just possess you, but I don’t want you to be an idiot later, and waste my teachings. My brother however, could fix you up.” Calming himself down, Tom closed his eyes for a second, before opening them again. “Well, do you believe me now, or should I just go pay Voldemort a visit? I may hate him for hurting everyone I loved, but he can punish those betraying bastards for the rest of their lives, so a few one-of-a-kind spell books will keep him going for a while.”

“Fine, I believe you! Only because I hate it here and I need training to get my revenge, though! Well anyway, since you’re me, what are you doing here?” Ginning at his victory, Tom cast a warming charm over both of them, and then started explaining.

“Sometime in the future, a weakling of a dementor will try to suck out your soul. Since we haven’t killed the snake assed bastard yet, we or should I say I, don’t die. It was a one of a kind fusion that will never happen again thanks to the prophecy protecting you from all but death from Voldemort. A day or to later, I wake up and I am a bit better than when you came in.” Tom conjured a pizza for his counterpart and let his parallel self take a break to gorge himself. Once Harry had nearly made himself sick stuffing himself, Tom continued.

“I eventually get all the powers that the dementor had naturally, and everything it absorbed. Thanks to this, I destroy Voldemort by

completely absorbing his soul.” There was a pause, and Harry was almost sick again.

“No, that doesn’t mean I kissed him, you sick idiot! His main soul will go directly to the nearest Horcrux when his body dies. Thanks to that, when I absorbed his horcruxes, and killed him, I got his soul. Anyway, I kill just about everyone who messes with us and I had nothing left to do. So, I raided the department of mysteries, and got everything I needed for just about anything I wanted.” Harry’s head started drooping, and Tom realized he was pulling a professor Binns.

“Long story short, I jump around time doing amazing and interesting things. Merlin, who has been my best friend for centuries, went along with me, and we collected and learned loads. Finally, I try coming back to your childhood and instead end up here. Boy, that felt and sounded odd explaining” Tom said with a smile. “I decided that instead of nearly losing our soul to a feeble skeleton, we should simply fuse ourselves together.”

“But that would change the future!” Although Harry didn’t really care much about his old friends, the children they would save and protect still meant something to him.

“This is why we will be sending our self into the past beforehand. We’ll pretty much be destroying existence at the present, and jumping to the past before anything happens; most events will be as close to ones you experienced though as time can only reform so much new material. I’m not going to pretty this up for you; I will probably lose my body or die, but more importantly we will live. You don’t want that asshole to win do you?” Inside, Tom knew that he had won that part of the argument. Now he only needed to nail the coffin shut and everything would be done.

“No, but I’m not so sure that I want to save everyone else either” Harry said as he tried to escape fighting his greatest enemy. A week in Azkaban would smarten anyone up, let alone however long he had been here. With everyone’s betrayals fresh in his mind, he couldn’t bare saving their lives.

“They need to be alive for you to get revenge don’t they?” Tom asked while remembering he would need to leave notes to empty all of his

hideouts and get his hidden supplies. They would be just right in the past, but he was still uncomfortable leaving that kind of stuff alone. "Don't worry, I will never truly die, and you can't die until Voldemort is gone. Then you can look forward to a long life with some random extremely hot woman who is willing to do anything for you because you're the great Harry Potter." Using the time his younger self was distracted wisely, Tom began pull power into his hands and connecting it to his coat. Soon enough, there was a swaying, multicolor portal releasing a melodic whistling sound in front of them and Harry finally broke out of his daydreams to confront himself.

"Wait, I would never use my fame like...What are you doing?" inquired the very confused and blushing Potter.

"No worries me, I emptied out vault, and stored thousands of useful books and things in a special vault only we can access in the past. You should be loaded when you get to five years old and should be able to get everything we'll need." responded the anxious and drained man. "Once you feel ready to really learn, go visit Ollivander and he'll know what to do."

The last thing Harry could ask was swept away when he and his savior were funneled through a hole in nothingness, just as everything around them dissolved.

Yelling to be overheard over the screeches of time being destroyed and absorbed into his-self, Tom flipped to face Harry. "I'm absorbing existence so we'll be able to fix everything the way we want. By the time we reach the next stop, my body will have dissolved, so the small bit of my soul left will join your soul in your body."

Still too weak to properly yell, Harry just enjoyed being out off hell on earth. Suddenly, he couldn't see and felt disoriented, and weaker than normal. Unable to protect his self, he lay there helpless as a voice bellowed, Avada Kedavra. Then he knew no more.

Almost four years later, Harry was scrubbing the kitchen trying to get mud splatters off the porcelain while the Dursley family ate in a new restaurant across town. Of course, they usually did this on his birthday, just to remind him that they hated him; it was no coincidence that they bought Dudley a nice gift for no apparent reason the same day and rubbed this in his face. But today, he could feel change in the air. In twenty minutes it would be his fifth birthday, and although all of his other birthdays were horrible, he knew this one would be special.

This was something even Vernon could feel and he couldn't even insult Harry as well because of it. "Something about you isn't right today, you Damned freak and I want to know what it is!" he had shouted at Harry when he sat down for breakfast. Although Harry didn't know why, this made him happy and excited. If The Dursley patriarch disliked it, he should and would love it.

For all his pathetic childhood Harry would remember things that hadn't happened yet leaving him with a constant déjà vu feeling. When his aunt was diagnosed with cancer the year before, and when she committed suicide while visiting aunt Marge a few months ago are the only times something had surprised him, though he had often wished it would happen. He could even tell exactly what to do before the remaining Dursleys woke up to leave him with a work free day, be it painting the living room, or cooking a special feast for a special day he didn't know about. Having to clean the kitchen was an easy chore because he had coated everything in a special wax that let dirt slide off.

As the clock reached eleven fifty-five a new question popped into his head. 'Why can't we just start here and go back later?' he pondered for no apparent reason. It didn't even make sense to him at first, but at eleven fifty-eight the answer appeared and it made even less sense. A murmured 'we need to start in the beginning. It'll be easier to just change everything.' Echoed after it and he finally accepted these as the ramblings of some stranger he would meet later. That Harry would never see how right he was, because when he reached zero in his birthday countdown, he died.

His chest developed burns even after his demise, and slowly his limbs rotted away. Then, his body started regenerating until an hour later, he was alive again, and back to normal.

“Damn, I’ve never seen such a violent reaction in an awakening. Oh well, having him in here would just slow us down. But, don’t worry about him; once he died, I absorbed him into us. My dementor powers consumed him, so he’s submerged in eternal happiness right now.” Tom sounded far too calm for a man who just destroyed a version of himself, but he, unlike Harry, had probably done it before.

“He...you sure drifting inside a dementor is peaceful?” The Harry that just died may have been in their way, but he was barely six years old. No matter what people have done to you, you shouldn’t ever be able to just kill a little kid and not feel bad.

“Ya, I did it for a while after killing Voldemort. Kinda boring after a while, but it’s better than really being dead, I’m sure.” Tom shut up, so Harry pretended he didn’t just kill himself and started planning.

Now that I’m me again, I guess it’s time to start getting revenge. Can I do spells yet? Focusing, he aimed and let loose a ‘Stupefy’ at a nearby spider. It toppled immediately and from what he could tell, it would never move again. ‘At least I am still as powerful as when I was tossed in jail. Crap! I did that without a wand! How?’

“I’m afraid that would be my power” Tom chuckled. “It seems that I failed in some ways. The killing curse pushed my soul, which was being broken down, into you, and the other Harry’s body. The transfer of all that power must have pushed us to the side for a while as multiple subconscious’. I guess since most of my plans had us at around five, we started out at five years old.”

“Now what? I am who knows how far from any bank I know of, and while I can do wandless magic, it’s tracked by the ministry so I can’t do too much.” after he finished his little tirade which was quite funny coming from a child he sat down on the floor and started tapping his head to bring ideas forward.

“First of all, we don’t need the bank as my pockets are connected to several very prosperous accounts. Next, magic itself isn’t tracked by

the ministry, only the wands that rarely leave the wizard's side due to compulsion charms; well, I really shouldn't say that. Magic is tracked normally, but it is a blanket charm, and barely an effort to overcome. Finally, stop that before to give us brain damage." he said as Harry started banging his head on the ground.

"And where might I ask is your jacket? I don't think it appeared with us when we came here, and if it did Dumbledore has used it until the accounts ran dry." Something else popped into his head "We can do just about anything, right? Can we...?"

"I would love to." There was an odd silence as a wall behind them suddenly started flaking, then crackling. As if a small fire was licking at it, the wall slowly dissolved, and crumpled. Halfway, as a still invisible flame got a bucket full of gasoline, the whole wall simply fell away as normal fire appeared.

"What about..." Harry never finished as everything disappeared for a second. Without time to gather his wits, he almost yelled when they appeared in an alley next to Gringotts.

"Listen, having two fully active minds in one body is slowly tearing it apart. If you need me I will give you a little push in the right direction, but for now I will sleep and get this pathetic body ready for whatever we'll do later.. If I notice you need help, I'll send whatever ya need." and with that the voice of Harry's only ally stopped completely. Once he got used to being alone again he started out of the alleyway, and into the bank.

Feeling confident, he strode the distance between the two streets and into one of the safest buildings in the world. As so as he entered, he yelled out, "Someone get over here right now or I'll string you all by your testicles and let maggots form in your genitals!" He had barely finished before a well dressed goblin ran over and bowed before him.

"Great sir, welcome! Let is there anything specific you need?" the little creature squeaked. Obviously, it knew that he was rich and wanted in on his fortune; no goblin other than the royals and leaders cared about anything other than money.



"I need to talk to one of you superiors about my account." The little freak looked at him oddly, before smiling and nudging him forward.

"This way good sir" and with that he bowed again, and then led an amused Harry down a corridor. On one of his sides there were statues of great goblins and gold plaques holding their stories. On his other side were paintings of wizards that must have helped goblins throughout history. Finally, at the end of the path, a statue of what he thought might be Merlin and a man that looked eerily like Tom crossed staffs over the door.

"Come in great sir, we have waited for your return long enough. You, Gimcoin may leave now. Be Gone!" a voice sounded through the halls and the greedy little goblin scurried away hesitantly.

"Uh, hello? Is anyone here?" after cursing himself mentally for sounding so meek he took a step forward and pushed the door open. Across the room, and a good distance away for a short legged creature was a large desk covered in sparkling globes and spinning devises. On the other side was a surprisingly human looking goblin with golden robes.

"Please, loyal customer, sit down and relax. These halls have never been breeched by any with ill intent." the little man was absolutely gushing with pride at being the first important goblin to speak with him. At his nod of understanding the conversation continued. "My apologies I forgot to introduce myself. I could never forgive myself if my disrespect cost us a valued customer." Not wanting to have to sit through this Harry quickly stammered his acceptance and acknowledged the apology. The little man continued, "At any rate, my name is Falbrin Flitwick father of Filius Flitwick. How can we assist you?"

"Yes, anyway, my name is Harry Potter and I would like to know what accounts I have access to and how much I own." the other questions would have to wait, at least for now.

'Of course! Lets see." And with that the energetic little Bank manager hopped from his seat and disappeared. This gave Harry a chance to really look around, and when he did he noticed several little maps, goblin sized armor made of gold and other interesting artifacts filling

the small room. Five minutes later, Flitwick returned in a cart with a single silver box. Slightly disappointed and expecting a lot more he helped the bouncing man onto his chair and lifted the surprisingly light box onto the desk.

“There you go. This box contains all of your gringotts information. It is accurate right down to the last sickle in the corner of your vault!” Flitwick exclaimed, “Go ahead. Open it up and see what fortunes await you!”

A bit downcast at the lack of weight, Harry pried the lid off and flipped the box over. Out flowed neat stacks of paper as tall as he was, it just wouldn't stop emptying. When it was done, the room was filled with information on dozens of vaults that had been passed down for generations along with new vaults that held more gold than he had ever considered possible. ‘Thanks Tom’ he thought and when he heard sleepy muttering in response, he quickly went back to the piles of documents.

“Could you compress this all into smaller summaries? Maybe just what family names I have, what vaults belong to whom, what families interact with my vaults and how much gold do I have totaled?” Time for the truth to be revealed. For a long time he had suspected that someone was stealing from his vaults, and now he would be able to nip that bud early on.

“Here you are a list of everything you described. If you ever want to shift the forms of these files press this rune here.” Flitwick stated as he gestured at a symbol on the top of the box. “Due to all wizard families being connected, this only displays the family names that are close to your own.” First on the list was Potter, followed by Evans as his mother was an extremely low part-blood, Dumbledore, Weasley, Thomas, Riddle, and the list went on.

“Why do I have Dumbledore, and Riddle? I thought they already had heirs.” Harry inquired.

“The families owe a massive debt to you, and since it hasn't been repaid you simply control the family and all that belongs to them. Well, it's either that or something like you being specifically named their heir in a will. Oddly enough, most of the families on this list that

haven't died out have been trying to get money from you since the Dark Lord's fall. Soon, we were going to allow select ones access to small amounts from your vaults as they are branches of your family. Are you alright sir, you do not look well?" Harry was foaming at the mouth and barely containing his rage. Everyone tried to steal from him! People he didn't even know existed had tried! Hell, even the Weasleys who were practically blood to him tried to line their pockets. All they needed was to ask and what was his would have been their in his eyes.

'I hoped that in this world things would be different. I suppose, once a traitor, always a traitor.' He grinned and then, as calmly as possible, barely spoke "Drain Eighty percent of all money, stocks and whatever other things worth money, into a new account only I can access. If the family has any properties take all but one and most family possessions into my accounts from theirs and completely seal them off so they can't get anything from me." After saying this Harry was still seething, but was still calmer than before. 'Let's see Malfoy bribe someone now!'

"The list of vaults goes on too long, so let's simply skip that for now. Almost every vault can be accessed by you as long as the owner owes you a debt, or it is not controlled. This however, doesn't work in reverse because you eclipse everyone's wealth; I suppose we can skip that too. Let's see," he glanced down to a form in his hand, "In total you have seven hundred and forty billion galleons, nine million and three sickles, and five hundred and one Knut, mostly from the Tomes vault, not counting the vaults that belong to other families with heirs. In total, that is roughly seven billion, four hundred and thirty million, five hundred twenty eight thousand, four hundred and twelve galleons. Would you like that in pounds? The number is far more impressive than that one." After reading how much money Harry had, the goblin seemed even more animated and fell off the chair several times. Not wanting to give the poor man a heart attack, Harry quickly declined.

"Is there any way to access this money while away from the bank?" With or without feather light charms, Harry didn't want to carry more than his weight in gold. The fact that the charms could fail and his money could crush him made the idea even worse.

“There are bank notes for units of tens in all our money, and there is a slightly more bothersome method that is better in the long run. We tear a bit of your hair, skin, and bone away and mix it with your blood from another area. Then we leave a tiny bit in a bag, and put the rest in vaults you want to access. With a combination of your and our magic, we can then make the bag draw whatever item you want to your hand. Sorry, but the magic in the vaults prevent most other kinds of magic from working, and this is the best method we have devised although each time it is quite painful. In fact, it exceeds pain tolerances of most humans, and goblins for that matter.” At this Harry realized what Tom had done to his jacket.

“No thank you, I think I will stick to bank notes. I may already have a coat like that and I don’t want to test the method until it has been perfected.”

“Oh you speak of the Time Coat! It returned to us not long before you got that scar, but there wasn’t a note so we sealed it away for you. Give me a few minutes and I will retrieve it for you.” And with that the dwarfed man almost skipped away leaving a smiling Potter in its wake.

“Let’s see what else I have here. Ring, amulet, ring, Deed to house, ring, Sorcerers stone, Ring, Ri-WHAT? Oh my god I have the Stone!” Ideas flashed through his head. Finally, he settled on one that he thought was brilliant.

He picked up a sturdy quill and, slammed the point straight through the stone breaking it into several large, and small shards. He inhaled the dust with a weak summoning charm and quickly though painfully pushed a small shard into each arm and leg using the shard’s sharp edge. Finally, he cut a small area between his ribcage, and jammed one large shard straight in. If this worked, he would be able to turn any metal into gold by touching it and turn any drink into life elixir through contact both at will. Inspired by the wounds instantly threading themselves back together, he glanced at the box with his information in it.

He immediately touched the silver box and watched in wonder as it turned into white gold. Concentrating on the lid, slowly a yellow color

tricked through it until the whole thing was shining like the sun. When the magic induced light died down he was slightly worn out, but to pleased to care. After pocketing the remaining shards, he turned back to where the part goblin had been sitting. Instead of sitting, he was kneeling and shivering in what Harry hoped was amazement

“Here you are the Royal Time coat! It is fabled to be blessed by Merlin the great, and able to bring its user through time and space no matter what the obstacle. Finally, it is untouchable by those who wish to use it in any way against its master! You must be truly powerful to own such a thing.” The goblin once done giving the jacket’s background, passed out still kneeling with the coat presented to Harry.

‘You be careful with that, it took forever to properly make it.’ A chuckling voice spoke. ‘If you damage it, although impossible, I will make you wish you weren’t near immortal. Good idea by the way. I never thought to implant the shards into my body. Then again, I never really needed to what with being a dementor and all, but even your method wont work forever.’

“Tom, what should we do about him?” Harry said in a rushed and worried voice. The small man hadn’t moved and Harry wasn’t completely sure he was even breathing.

“Don’t worry; focus on him being his normal self, and the stone will do the rest. At any rate, you doing this may just lengthen his life.” Quickly complying, Harry thought of the diminutive man returning to normal. “Now just wait.” And the moment the sentence was finished Flitwick bounced out of his stoop and onto his chair.

“I’m sorry sir, but really must be getting back to my regular work. Stop in any time though, as it is a pleasure helping you” and with that he snapped his fingers and the file on Harry flew into its box, “Have a wonderful year, May the gold line your home, and Happy Birthday!” were his last words before Harry appeared in the entrance to Flitwick’s hallway.

“Where to next, oh great disembodied voice?” and with the half spoken, half-thought sentence he disappeared out the bank door and into the night.

While Harry and Tom were checking their accounts, Dumbledore was waking to Klaxon alarms. After running out of his room, charming clothing on to himself and forcing magic into his body to wake himself up, he found Harry had left the wards for more than thirty minutes, something that was supposed to be barred by his strong mind-bending magic. When he checked more of the wards, he found a tiny slit missing from it; someone had destroyed just enough to make a child sized opening, and then squeezed Harry through it.

“Not to worry” he said to himself, “The Dursley family probably went away for the week. That’s probably just decay on the wards; I must remember to update them soon. But, I must be absolutely sure” and with that he brought his wand to the spinning gyroscope floating above his desk. When he conjured a scroll under it, it drifted down to it, and started trying to write his location. However, each time it started it would warble and draw a circle. Finally, after ten minutes, it spun to the largest circle and stopped completely. While normally, he could locate anyone this way; the circles were in a pattern that suggested Harry was in the center of the earth. Quickly, he activated another device that spat out a smoke ghost of a snake. A globe appeared and it rose then struck down on Hogwarts. The next strike missed the globe completely and this continued until it was simply slithering in spirals around the world.

Finally, he drew a blood-enchanted quill, which had a bit of Harry's hair within it. He steadied it on a map and let it lose only for it to scribble over the whole thing. Harry Potter was gone without a trace. He quickly counted off the places he could be; no Death eater had good enough security to block him and no house had complex enough wards to hide his area completely. This only left Gringotts, Azkaban, and Hogwarts. Harry wouldn't know how to get to Gringotts as he had no one to tell him, and Azkaban was hard to reach alone so getting there unnoticed with a child was out. That left Hogwarts, and the wards were strong enough to block him from finding him.

“Minerva!” he yelled out to the fireplace. Almost at the end of that breath, Minerva McGonagall strode from the fire with tensed muscles and wand drawn.

“Albus, what wrong?” she was obviously ready to fight to the death alongside him, just as she was in the last war.

“Put you wand away my dear friend, I just wished to inform you that Harry has disappeared.” This moment was vital as her occlumency barrier was too strong to dive directly into. He needed to scratch away at the surface and notice any knowledge she had floating around when the subject came up.

“I’m sure he is just visiting that nice girl he’s interested in. Those Ravenclaws may seem bookish, but they are really too frisky for their own good.” She spoke with wariness slipping back into her voice.

‘Not him Minnie, though we should keep an eye out for any inappropriate behavior. I’m talking about Harry Potter.’ The reaction was immediate; she stiffened and thoughts of visiting him as a cat worked their way into her mind. She was clear, however, of any misdeeds having to do with Harry so he ignored those.

“What do you mean?” she asked, not wanting to understand. ‘Please mean something else, please!’ floated to the top of her head and almost slammed into his probe like a shout.

“I really do hate to have to tell you this, but you Harry James Potter, has been kidnapped.” I must find him and spell more tracking charms on him. He cannot be lost to the Dark side!

When Harry stepped out of Gringotts, Tom froze his body completely. ‘Wait, I feel magic trying to locate us. Stay as still as possible’ and with that a rush of magic flowed over Harry and blocked the overpowered spells. ‘Done, you can speak.’

‘What the bloody hell was that?’ Harry asked worried the moment Tom said it was safe.

‘An extremely powerful locator spell, so powerful that I couldn’t tell who made it but I have shielded us for the time being. We have one hour to shop for our supplies before I’ll need to rest. Start moving.’ Without protest, Harry ran down the street to Ollivander. When he reached the store, it was surprisingly still open.

"Hello is anyone here?" he yelled out. Harry could sense the ancient and unknown magic that belonged to the wand crafter, but Ollivander loved surprising people and he did not want to take that away from the old man.

"You're early by over half a decade, or is my clock running a bit slow?" a voice said more than asked behind Harry. "Yes I believe I was right, you are extremely early. Would you please tell me why?" and at Harry stood facing one of the oldest wizards in history.

"This is the right me, old friend. It worked." Tom said while taking over their shared body. "Will you help us gather what we need to change the future?" Tom asked while examining his small weak body. 'What the hell is going on?' Harry all but screamed at Tom. 'Sorry, but this is the greatest wizard in human history. He is celebrated over the world and even in animal races as the father of magic. His last name is Ollivander, but you know him as Merlin the great'. Suddenly there was silence on the other side of their mind.

"I think you broke your host. Would you care for some tea?" the powerful man asked as his glamour fell and he strode through a wall.

"No thank you, but could you tell me where I can get what for training up this weak body I call my own?" Tom calmly requested as two of the greatest wizards ever sauntered lazily down a tunnel that shouldn't even exist.

"You will need to get his eyes fixed so go to Everest's Eye Inventions down by Knockturn alley, and some robes from Malkins down the street. The Apothecary has a good shipment of ingredients so you may want to visit there. Oh, and try to get as much in the muggle world as possible." They reached a dead end and instead of stopping, they both lifted their hand and pushed against it. Without a delay, the whole wall turned into marble and the hall continued going even deeper. "You really won't have enough time but I think I can get all our old weapons and gear from the trunk you hid away. I don't travel though time as well as you so it may take a few days plus the time to actually locate it." They continued chatting away as if they wanted to see if they were still the same person. Finally, they reached a door flowing with power.



“Goodbye for now my brother in battle, I will fight alongside you another day yet!” they both swore and with that, Merlin spun and disappeared in a whirl of his cloak. Tom then strode up to the door whispered to it, “Return me in one hour” and copied his brother’s exit.

Almost the same moment a tall, young, and mostly normal looking Tom Riddle ran through a muggle street on a mission. Fifty-eight minutes before I need to rest, he reminded himself and with that, he swerved into a sporting goods store.

“I’m in a hurry, so two of all your best equipment. I need everything, including protein shakes and even flexi-grips. You have five minutes to load everything up at the front desk.” With that, he was out the door. As an after thought he stuck his head back in a yelled out “Here is part of the payment. I’ll give you the rest when I get back” and he tossed a wad of hundreds over to the sales woman. He did not trust her enough not to pocket the cash so he placed a compulsion charm on it to make its holder want to get him his merchandise.

Next was a Computer store, and after that an electronics store where he duplicated the original method. Finally, he got to a clothing store that had everything, and a toy store. With a sudden idea in his mind, he simply emptied both stores and ran back to collect everything. After this, he had thirty minutes left. Dashing into a bathroom, he disappeared from the muggle world and reappeared as a five-year-old Harry Potter right behind the wall to the Leaky Cauldron. Now he would need to play innocent and be as nice as possible, as he could not ruin his own image over a few snake scales.

“Excuse me sir, may I buy something from you?” he asked sounding exactly like a cute innocent muggle boy should.

“Of course little one, what do you want to buy?” the teen could not believe his luck. The Harry Potter was buying something from him!

“Um, I don’t really know much about wizards and stuff so everything I guess. I’ll even leave something extra for you because you’re being so nice to me!” he started sounding worried and then drifted back to happy. ‘Hook, line and sinker Tom thought as the teenager ran into the storage room and started bringing crates to him. Finally, when

there was a mountain of boxes and crates beside him Tom started filling out a check for twenty thousand galleons.

"Please don't tell anyone that I'm here yet, because I want it to be a surprise!" he stated and then turned to the nodding young man, "Could you shrink this for me? I can't do magic yet." Before he had even finished the lad had minimized and lightened all the crates. "Good bye!" he squealed and ran excitedly out the store. The student did not even realize he had sold dangerous substances to a little boy in the middle of the night until the next day.

"Damn, that took ten minutes. At least I have most of what I need. Just have to stop in at the eye shop and get some robes," he thought out loud as he sprinted down the wizard road.

"Hello? I'm looking for some glasses." There wasn't anyone there. "Hello?" this time he heard a startled snort that turned back into sleepy breathing. 'Guess I just need to help myself' and he created an image of himself walking out while the real him stood invisible to all. Creeping silently, he snuck into the back room and took a dozen of each vial he came across, every recipe and every book he could find. Next was the hard part. He almost slithered over to the fourteen-year-old girl sleeping behind the counter. 'I haven't done this in a long time. I hope I'm still as good' came with a spoken "Legilimens".

Ignoring the dreams of an older him sweeping her away on a silver steed he dug into her day. Eventually, he noticed her helping a man named Fletcher with his bad eyesight. With a starting memory, he instantly brought other memories of her at work and in training into the mesh between their minds and forced them into himself.

'You'll thank me for this' he thought before yelling, "Miss, are you alright?" The girl shot up and screeched at him "Get out you little brat, I was checking inventory!" acting afraid he stumbled away and ran out wanting to say 'Bitch' but resisting the temptation.

The Robe store came into view and he barreled into it not stopping until he reached the salesperson inside. "You need to watch out little guy, can I help you? My names Marissa by the way" The teenaged girl gushed.

“Yes, I need every type of robe in every size greater than my own. I am Harry Potter by the way; it is a pleasure to make your acquaintance.” He said after kissing her hand.

“Whatever you need my little charmer”, and without realizing she was flirting with a five year old she started measuring him. After far too much contact with his pelvis, she ran off to complete the orders. “Sorry, but this may take a week or so. Are you sure...”

“I could pay you quadruple what its worth plus a healthy bonus for you if you can get them perfect in two days. A total of five times the original value and I will even sign you an autograph.” He knew that the offer would overwhelm her into submission and he was right.

“The original cost is eight hundred galleon, so that would be four thousand galleon total. Are you sure that...?” she never had a chance to finish as a bank note for thirty two hundred galleons and another for eight hundred where all that remained of him. That is, other than a promise that they would be together soon for a date or something more in a note on the door.

Tom had no choice but to let go of his barrier and jump into the liquid gold door that held is home of the next few decades. He would only leave to pick up the remaining order and donate a large amount of money and clothes to a dozens of orphanages across England.

“Harry, you finally awake? Come on, you weakling! If you can’t stand the surprise of a man you barely knew being a near god, then maybe I should have left you in that cell.” scoffed Tom in annoyance. ‘This kid almost retarded. I have a lot of work to do, and only six years to do it too. Damn, that means me and Merlin will have to...’ and he went back to the matter at hand with an eerie smile on his face.

‘Why is Tom smiling like that? Crap, did he make me do something humiliating while I was out cold? More importantly, I thought only I had this much control over our body’ followed by “Tom, how are you controlling our body? I thought that only I could do that. And what did you do while I was out cold?” Harry was getting worried. “Please don’t tell me that I’m the background voice now!” If so, the world would have a lot more problems on its hands.

“No worries, I’m just planning the most entertaining few decades I will ever spend trapped inside of an idiot’s mind. We need to start practicing occlumency too. I can’t drift in a void the whole time where fused together you know.” Tom seemed to realize something, and quickly switched them back to the normal with him drifting inside Harry’s mind and Harry in control of their body.

“I’m going to start fixing this place up. Oh ya, we need shields too...” was the last thing he said before Harry couldn’t feel his mind anymore.

“Tom?” he called out before he started looking around. They were in a mansion surrounded by mountains, a lake and a forest. From the looks of things, he had woken up just when they came through the door. “Where the hell are we?” he asked slightly worried. “Are you still there?” this question was more panicked than the others were and Tom stopped trying to reform his mind to answer.

“Don’t worry, I’m not going anywhere. Merlin and I built this castle, so you’re relatively safe here. Now shut up and make yourself busy or something, I’ve got a lot of work to do on our minds.” and Tom was silent again. Heeding his words, Harry turned to one of the three staircases behind him, and ran up it to see what the king of magic would put in his home. At the first door atop the staircase, there was a set of tiny scratches, but he ignored that in his haste to learn more about a living legend. He definitely didn’t expect to run straight into a

swamp complete with odd slithering magic lizards and a swarm of the largest mosquitoes he had ever seen. When he recovered from the shock, and escaped being eaten by insects, Harry noticed a small scribble on the door. Thinking of when he wrote joking messages to his friends in runes 'before they betrayed me that is.', Harry figured it must have said water and earth. Walking to the next door, he read something that looked like either Rock or Food.

"Well, this place can't be much weirder so I might as well..." Pushing the door a little, he heard no monster clawing or bones being crunched so he slammed all of his weight into it opening a huge study complete with a library that didn't visibly end. "I guess I don't remember it as well as I thought I did. I suppose that's a good thing, I don't want those damn traitors haunting my mind," he spoke aloud as he pulled a book covered in dust down from a nearby shelf. At first, only Latin and barely recognizable French script were on the cover. Then slowly, the markings swirled repeatedly until English and Latin only remained.

"Advance Wards for Worried Warlocks written by Jack Nicholas Ravenclaw. Hmm, must be an automatic translation charm because I couldn't read it at first." Looking into the book he suddenly realized something, "I don't have my wand! How can I make wards if I don't have a wand?" at this his shoulders slumped. 'I don't want to have to rely on Tom's power for everything...Damn. Wait, what about Merlin? After all, he made me a wand before; he can definitely do it again.' Slightly happier Harry started on the first sentence of a random page when a voice interrupted him.

"You realize that you should start with a simpler book right?" Tom's voice was slightly muted by the roars of what sounded like the ocean at a beach. "We aren't going to let you amplify your power just so you could wave a silly little wand; you'd be half defenseless most of the time. No, your learning true magic, staff magic, and just about everything else or we won't bother letting you remember any of this." Tom sounded slightly angry, and though he feared pissing him off more, Harry had to know.

“Is that a real ocean? What did you do in there?” the first question he mentally smacked himself for. How would Tom get a real ocean in his mind? “Never mind the first question, what did you do in there?”

“If you must know, magic can get an ocean into a person’s mind but it is draining and useless in almost every situation. For the second question, well, I did say I was going to do some occlumency didn’t I? Why should I drift in nothingness, waiting for you to need my help, when I can be relaxing on an island filled with anything and everything I could ever want?” he asked amused at Harry’s lack of knowledge. “Back to our main topic, you should go to the very end of the row by that window.” Harry walked for a few minutes following Tom’s directions. “Good, now any book on this shelf is a decent starter for your magical training. First, we need to do real magic straight from your magical core.”

“Oh, will that increase my magical power?” for a second Tom was silent. Then he snickered a little before he stifled it. Finally, he burst out laughing and Harry wondered what he had said could have caused that kind of reaction. “What? I just asked if that could increase my magical power?” this was drowned out in a pulse of laughing and even what sounded like crying.

“I’m sorry Harry...well, not really but damn.” Tom sounded as if he was trying to calm himself, but failed and Harry had to wait a minute before Tom started speaking again. “It’s impossible to increase magical power simply by doing a few spells. Only rituals and bits of complex magic sewn together can do that. Nevertheless, if you work hard, you can just about join your mind and magic together so thinking about results makes them. We will be doing both.”

“So soon I’ll be on par with you and Merlin?” Harry still sounded a little amazed that his other spirit knew Merlin so well, but Tom derailed that train of thought before it had even started.

“Right and Dumbledore’s having a hot affair with Minerva and the Giant Squid. You’ll need a few centuries of training to match me and a lot more too equal Merlin; I have seen him in centuries, so he’s probably been training a bit.” Tom’s speech got stronger and suddenly Harry saw a ghost like duplicate of himself sanding a few

feet away from him. "Speaking of which, we need to train your body and mind a lot; even with the different flow of time, you will never reach your full potential if you try to focus on both. Tell ya what" Tm floated up and floated a book on the top shelf in front of him, "I'll read simple books and manipulate your magic into memorizing it; you just need to train your body until you can't anymore, then we switch. We only have about fifty eight years to smarten you up, so let's get started." Spinning around he picked up the ward book Harry had dropped at the beginning of the conversation.

"But I go to Hogwarts in six years." thinking that he had found a flaw in Tom's logic he struck it with everything he could muster, "Even if I used a time turner that would only be about ten years." He finished with a smirk.

"This whole area barely exists so most rules don't apply here." Tom hadn't even looked away from the piles of books he was gathering, almost as if he was expecting that to come up. "The time you could be using to catch up to Voldemort is wasting away." Realizing this, Harry was out the door the moment Tom paused for a breath.

### **Ten years later**

Harry rolled out of the way of a blast of raw magic, and slammed his right arm into the ground. Before a next blast could reach him, the punch to the ground took effect, and waves of spikes prickled the ground near the origin of the blast. Jumping away from the site, just as a dragon bit where he had been crouching Harry landed a few meters away.

"You're getting better." Twenty voices echoed around him, not giving their owner's location away. In response to the acknowledgement, he summoned as much air as he could into his hand. Creating another a few hundred, feet up, he teleported the two together, and allowed the twirling winds to clash. Drawing stone from below it, Harry let the large slabs explode into sharp blades that burst away from him. These shards were batted away by a giant snake, with a ghostlike Dementor standing on its head.

"I take that back. Are you even trying anymore?" The dementor jumped down onto the snakes stomach, then glided at the injured

mage. Respond as well as he could after a three-day training battle; Harry brought new slabs of earth up between them. The barriers didn't even phase the demon, as it continued its flight even picking up speed.

Meters away, the blur pinned Harry's hands with detached claws. With no time to escape, and not enough strength to break free, Harry teleported closer to the creature, and kicked it in its hooded head. The illusion instantly shattered, and another behind that one collided with his chest.

"Damn. That sucks" Tom somehow whistled as Harry was ripped away from the bonds, and flung into a nearby cliff. Then, the hands that had been chaining the boy followed, and encased him even deeper into the wall. Even then, his pain hadn't ended, as he fell from the hole he had created, and dropped a kilometer into a bed of spikes he had created earlier. Then force of that fall, combined with the impact with the side of the cliff was too much for the mound, and it soon collapsed on top of him.

"Hurry up and brush yourself off. We'll run this drill over and over till you get it right." The large beasts roaming the field were dispelled, and Tom returned to his easy to maintain ghost form. Floating away, he stopped as the rocks started rolling away from where they had piled themselves. Surprised, he did nothing as an insanely massive four-legged spider broke through the boulders with a jagged scar on its head. "Or, I guess we could keep going..." The speech seemed like a whisper compared with the clicking roar it released as it closed the distance between them.

### **+Forty Years later in the Castle**

"Do you have the doppelganger essence? Dragon tears. Dementor tongue. Demon spit?" All of the names were followed by quick checks through his coat and a nod or call of yes.

"What about the Infinity Trunk?" Asked Merlin as he ran to the railing of the floor above him and jumped down without stopping. The shrunken trunk rested in his clenched hand, but they ignored it as he wheezed. Not acknowledging the weakness, the spell caster tossed the trunk towards his new, almost eleven year old companion



“Tom! Hurry up and reenter my mind. I have to be in a reality for owls to find me, and my birthday is in three of their minutes.” Tom, still an incorporeal duplicate of Harry, ran up to and slammed into Harry rejoining their minds and power. The two could have passed as siblings if not for the whole ‘lacking a body problem’. Tom was still broader and retained most of his unique attributes like his odd tattoos, but Harry mostly looked like a normal athletic child. Merlin, after catching his breath, gestured for his greatest friends to come closer to him.

“I’ve lived for far too many centuries for even my phoenix form, so by the time you finish school, I’ll probably be dead; it may even be this year if I stay here.” Both Harry and Tom started to protest. A little sorcerer’s stone in the arm and he would be good as new for another thousand or so years. “You forget, blood and life magic don’t work well on phoenixes.” Neither of them knew what to do so they simply stood wondering if it was best. Harry broke the silence with an ancient chant he copied from Merlin’s animagi form.

“Goodbye, my brother in battle. May your nests fill with the fledglings of happiness and your next flight be a peaceful one.” It was a bit odd, but still made the aged wizard smile. With that, Harry twisted magic around him and teleported himself to the Leakey Cauldron never turning away from his other soul’s older brother.

“Hey, can I get a room?” He called out while leaning on the front desk. From the looks of it, there was absolutely no one there. When no answer arrived, Harry walked out into Diagon alley and made his way to Gringotts. As he suspected, a massive crowd blocked the entrance and he chose to turn in a shadow and slid straight under everyone there. Ignoring Tom’s protests of wanting to stay and find girl’s wearing skirts, he reached the office of Flitwick, he strode in just on time to catch the end of a conversation between Lucius Malfoy, Dumbledore, Arthur Weasley, and Mr. Flitwick.

“We are the closest to his family, and since he couldn’t be contacted in any way for more than half a decade, we get his bank accounts by default.” Arthur argued. There was no way the Malfoys would get richer off money his family deserved.

"I agree with Arthur. The Weasleys are the closest branch of the Potter family, as they have intermarried eight times within the last few centuries. There is even a new marriage contract drawn up for Harry and young Ginerva that would have brought the families together again in a few years." Dumbledore knew that the goblins couldn't contest something like that. The Weasleys would be wealthy for a while, making them perfect funding for his projects on the side. After all, the whole family had sworn loyalty to him when he helped Molly give birth to the youngest girl.

Laughing in his head, Harry maneuvered himself to make things look like he had silently walked in and murmured. "I don't believe I ever signed such a contract." With that simple statement, the inhabitants of the room seemed to have simultaneous heart attacks for varying reasons. Flitwick seemed to be the only one concerned for Harry's well being as he flung himself at the child and started checking over him grumbling annoyed and concerned phrases. Lucius, seeing a chance to escape, stood and apologized for needing to take care of something urgent at that time. The others, still slightly dumbstruck merely nodded and didn't take notice to him running out of the room in an undignified manner. "Now, why were you so concerned with my money?" already knowing the real answer, Harry braced himself for the greatest lies he had ever heard.

"We couldn't let your money fall into the hand of evil wizards my child, and since there was no evidence of you still being of this earth..." Dumbledore trailed off while implanting the idea of leaving in Arthur's head. Then, he tried a basic scan on Harry's mind. His probe was shredded, then it disappeared leaving Harry's mind unaffected. "Would you please tell me where you've been staying? Our world sees you as an icon so we were all extremely distressed when we couldn't locate you." Relying on the ancient grandfatherly tone, Dumbledore fully expected him to cave and spill everything, just as hundreds of others had. No one, not even Tom Riddle, could fully resist that technique without giving up a bit of information that wasn't planned.

"Tom was training me in a secret place to follow in his footsteps. Now, if you have no more business here, could you please give us a little privacy?" In the shared part of their mind, Tom and Harry couldn't

contain themselves; both nearly suffocated laughing as their magic whipped around them. Dumbledore believing Tom Riddle was still a living human and that he made Harry his heir was just perfect. Dumbledore, not expecting this bid the remaining two people good day and stumbled out of the office. Using the shattered probe as a radio, the two laughing boys launched into another wave of hysterics, as Dumbledore crapped himself realizing Voldemort was invincible with Harry helping him.

“So, how have you been sir?” Flitwick had stopped checking him over as he seemed to be of good health and replied.

“I’m quite good, thank you for asking. Actually, I’m retiring in a few months. It’s about time for me return to my nice, dank cave with my fortune, and wife.” He said, gesturing animatedly at a photo of him and his wife kissing on a mountain of coins.

“I hope you are as relaxed and affluent as you seem during this time. Try to contact me if you need anything. At any rate, are my vaults alright?” Business and family, the two things always on a goblin’s mind. As long you stayed respectful, spoke sincerely, and kept things short, they hold great conversations.

“Everything is absolutely fine. You actually arrived just on time to stop the group that just left and the crowd outside from getting to your vaults. A new ministry law stated that all vaults must be claimed by the eleventh birthday and you were just fifty seconds early.” The small man beamed and returned to the papers on his desk. “If there is nothing else, I suggest you make your daring escape before the bank is mobbed. Next time, come back to life with a bit more time to spare though.” He was obviously joking, or as close as a goblin could get. Realizing that he got the ancient humanoid to try to tell jokes, Harry decided that he wanted protect the man if possible. Tom agreed, as truly kind people that really care about you were rare throughout time. Nodding to the most trustworthy goblin he knew, Harry turned away and walked back into a huge crowd of well-wisher, money-hungry thieves, and reporters not knowing which the worst of the horde were.

“Excuse me, could you all please let me through?” he intoned trying to draw their attention. ‘Hey Tom, do you think this will work?’ Tom

didn't bother to answer as the next second the wizarding population of the country descended upon him.

"Will you marry my daughter?", "Can you really fly and return from the dead?", "What did Voldemort look like?" and similar questions continued until he wormed a little magic around the crowd and silenced them all with a wave.

"Sorry, but I need to get my school supplies and go back home. By now, everyone must be worried about me and you don't want to get me in trouble do you?" his acting skills had improved over the half century, so neither of the warriors were surprised that the crowd parted. "Goodbye everyone, I hope to see you all again soon." They were eating out of his hand and large groups even seemed to faint when he looked their way. Despite some protests, and case of sexual harassment that ended with a zombie disappearing into a pocket, Harry quickly made it back to the Leakey Cauldron where the innkeeper had returned to his post. "One room, if you have it please." The odd man swept him away to the Ministry section and even offered to give Harry his own, personal floor, but Harry shot him down and handed a bag of gold coins over to him. The nameless man fell over himself bowing, and backing away, leaving the room silent.

"Well, now that he's gone, can I rest a little? Since some things in your castle don't carry over well, I need to be ready to ward everything and charm myself for defense." Harry hadn't slept for eight castle years and was starting to feel the repercussions.

"Why not? Just be sure that you're ready in the morning when you wake up, because we need to do a lot." The end of the sentence was lost to Harry as he was already asleep and dreaming about his early Hogwarts years. Phasing out of the shared body, Tom floated across the room to practice existing. "I wish I had been early enough to stop your imprisonment, but I didn't have enough power for another jump. I swore I wouldn't let another me suffer like that, but I'll make it up to you" Tom sat down and moved into a comfortable position, "I promise you..." then the room was quiet again.

The next day, Harry awoke startled and ready for battle. When he realized Tom was in control of their body, he switched their mental backseat and watched on. The room was scorched and melted and in the middle of it where two of the three perceived Lords of the Light.

“Please Harry, be reasonable. I was just putting a simple charm on you to...” the withered and calculating warlock was resting on a conjured chair and stared sadly at Tom when he was interrupted.

‘What happened?’ Harry had missed too much of this obviously entertaining battle.

“I don’t let random old men sneak into my room and put charms on me. My apologies if this isn’t normal for you, but I don’t think you are powerful enough to change my sexual bias. Men just aren’t for me.” Tom looked amused but scandalized and Dumbledore seemed even sadder at the accusation. ‘This little bitch just tried to curse us! You better hope I fell kind later, or you little need for sleep will be the least of your worries.’ Tom sounded angry, even while thinking and Harry agreed so he could see the battle play out.

“Do not worry my child,” ‘How does a little brat like him know that spell? Damn, I had planned this perfectly.’ “My spell merely shared few movements with that one.” then a grim look fell upon his face. “This brings me to a question I do not wish to ask, unfortunately.” he ignored Tom’s “Don’t ask then.” and continued. “How do you know the movements and details of such a horrible piece of magic?” This was a demand and though his body barely moved, Harry could still feel a snip of the spell reaching out to him at the end of the sentence to coax his tongue to be loose. The small inclination was defeated before it even reached him.

‘Hey Tom, should we restrain ourselves? It’ll be harder than just blasting through anything he tries wouldn’t it?’ the patience and strategy that had been engraved in both of their minds fought the statement, but everything about the situation screamed call out rape and kill Dumbledore.

‘...we probably shouldn’t. Then again, ya we should. Let’s make the last few years of this bastard’s life living hell. Or even better, we could

force him to make his own life suck!' the last sentence brought with it their transferring of control.

"Let's make a deal ok? You give me an oath that you won't ever attempt to spell me without my permission, and I'll tell you what you want to know..." Harry used all the occlumency skill he had to stop himself from bursting out in laughter. 'We've got him!' He and Tom mentally yelled out.

"Please Harry, there are too many possibilities. What if you get cursed and I need to end the spell? What if you get hurt and only I can help? Isn't my apology and promise never to spell you without your knowledge enough?" 'Shit. If I can't get away from this unscathed politically, maybe I can...' "Very well, you seem set in this so I will give you the oath. *Obliviate!*" A sonic boom of magic tossed Harry against the wall and pinned him there for a few seconds before he crumpled to the floor. "This is for the greater good. I'm sorry. *Imperio!*" He didn't notice the small smile that briefly crept onto the child's face. "Now then, you woke when I knocked on the door, not when I tried to bind your will to mine. You want to tell me everything about the last five years and will spare no detail." Dumbledore stood, and bent over Harry glancing at his clouded eyes to see if his shield slipped any. Sighing in disappointment, he sat back in his chair and waited a few seconds before saying, "Continue at any time, Mr. Potter.

"Anyway, Mr. Dumbledore, I was just about to say you're a fucked up, moldy, limp dick son of a bitch. Give me that damned oath, or I'll simply kill you on the spot." This just about smacked the gentle smile off Albus' face. He then sighed in defeat, and conjured a knife. "And don't add any extra names or try to reword it. Say your name, the oath and 'Will not use any spell on Harry Potter without his clearly expressed compliance and even then I may only use that one spell in that single minute' or the innkeeper will be scrubbing your miniscule brain off the walls in the hallway for weeks." This was followed by another sigh and a sad look, but Dumbledore knew Harry would follow through with the treat.

"I, Albus Dumbledore do solemnly swear under the gaze of the Gods and magic itself to never use any spell on Harry Potter without his clearly expressed compliance and even then I may only use that one

spell in that single minute.” At Harry’s gesture to continue, he flinched and whispered, “By the power of magic, and the bond of my heart, soul, mind, and body, I declare the statement to be under the call of Harry Potter. Do you will it so?” Dumbledore’s magic was dancing around them and Harry ripped some away and wrapped his own around it to strengthen the connection, causing Dumbledore to become lightheaded.

“By the powers of the gods, so mote it be. Now bond your words by blood.” Slightly mystified but still as composed as ever, Albus slashed his wrist and used the dripping blood to draw tiwaz, the rune of truth, in a circle on his own head.

“Now, since I’ve completed my end of the bargain, why don’t you hold up yours?” All his verbal dances had abandoned him and he actually sounded hopeful. Harry smiled to himself at tricking the self-suggested greatest mage in centuries.

“Since you held up you end of the bargain, I’ll tell you what you want to know; keep in mind I’m only gonna tell you because I prepared for the loss. People give you books every year for Christmas because you seem like a person who craves knowledge; woolen socks simply don’t go with great power in their minds.” Dumbledore still looked a bit dazed but this was clearly beyond his comprehension so Harry explained. “That’s what you wanted to know isn’t it? After all, that’s what you ask everyone who really knows you.” Realizing what had happened Albus bowed his head and nodded. Harry quickly spread a thin layer of magic around Albus and clenched down on it. “See you at Hogwarts.” Dumbledore, who was looking up, stopped halfway when he blinked out of existence courtesy of forced teleportation.

“Hmm, I didn’t expect you to actually figure out the freedom not giving an exact topic would grant you. Fifty feet above the Hogwart wards too. What we taught you just may have sunk into that tiny splatter of fat you call a brain. Anyway, that’s enough sleep for a good month or so I suppose. Oh, and our owls are here.” Twelve torpedoes of feathers blasted through the open window and while three landed gracefully around him, the others were fighting midair to get to him first or on the ground after a collision. A wave of his hand calmed

them, and another wave brought the mail onto the desks in the side of the room.

“Nothing but school acceptance letters, post from the Weasleys, offers of adoption, and more school acceptance letters. Shit, is that a marriage contract? Interesting, some novice put an affection and emotion control spell on it. Wow, they even reinforced it with a contact trigger, nice.” That though was the understatement of the year as literally hundreds of spell where layered onto the letter; within a second they where lost with the wind, and knocked a passing owl out of the sky from magical overload.

‘Well, open it! I want to see who my little idiot I call a host is going to be spending the rest of his life with.’ Tom snickered and Harry growled in annoyance before complying.

“Dear guardians of Harry Potter, blah, blah, blah, what? Mr. Weasley offered his little girl to my guardian in exchange for one hundred thousand galleons. You thinking what I’m thinking?” Tom didn’t bother to reply as that was among the most idiotic uses of trite wording he had ever heard.

‘Well the fact that we can communicate by thought kind of makes it hard not to. We buy the girl and youngest boy if we can, and keep them as slave/pets.’

“It’s perfect, right? How about this as the response letter,”

Dear Weasley patriarch,

I would be honored to exchange a dowry of one hundred thousand galleons for your youngest child, but I would prefer to leave myself with choices when I reach legal age. Therefore, might it be possible to have her bonded to me instead? I do not wish to be obligated to marry a girl I do not love in the future, but I hear your family has always been vassals of my own. On a side note, is it possible for me to attain you other youngest child? It would allow the connection between our families to grow faster, and I would need someone to defend my other bonded when I am unable. In exchange, I will offer another hundred thousand, along with a small monthly stipend for



your loss. Please respond with haste as there are other contracts being offered and I have a great interest in your family.

Signed,

Lord Harry Potter, the direct heir of the Potter, Black, Evans, and Thomas lines.

‘Not bad. We should enslave everyone who pissed us off before. You know they’ll already be stuffed to the brim with oaths and such by the time the bonding is to take place, right? It’ll take a few minutes time to undo all of that, or transfer control over to us; in that time, our vulnerability will be at its peak. Oh well, the benefits out weigh the disadvantages.’ Tom’s mental voice grew colder and Harry knew what would happen next. ‘How the hell did you ever possibly survive our training? You forgot to add a proximity ward or any anything for that matter and that almost got us under Dumbledore’s thumb! Your punishment is double training next year with out my help, and triple potions training.’ Harry agreed knowing his alter ego was going easy on him.

“At any rate, let’s check the other letters.” The ploy to distract Tom worked and he was quiet again, waiting for the rest of life’s bullshit to shovel itself onto their plate. “Durmstrang, Hogwarts and Beauxbatons, each of them are incomplete in their own way. Though we’re definitely going to Hogwarts, want check and see if we can raid their library’s every once and awhile? They might have some rare and useful text hidden away.”

‘My sentiments exactly. Tell Durmstrang you will stop in over the summer to study at the best dueling academy in Europe, and Beauxbatons that you think that learning a bit of their world famous charms would be wonderful. They’ll be annoyed that you didn’t only consider them, but they will get over it fast enough.’ Nearly twin letters were composed and a small transfiguration of the dropped feathers from the owls gave him messengers. ‘Store the rest of this bullshit away in the coat, because we have to go through Diagon alley and pick up everything. By now, most of the shops should have something useful for us anyway.’ Harry concentrated on what the room looked like the night before, and suddenly, the damage done to

the room started repairing itself until everything was immaculate. Seconds later, the door swung open and unleashed Europe's savior upon the world.

"Hello Mr. Potter, what can I get for you today?" The woman looked familiar and Harry wondered if they had met before he left for Merlin's place. "What kind of trunk are you planning on buying? We have a new model with extra security charms and ten times the normal space it should allow, but it is slightly pricy." Then it hit him. She was the same bitch that screamed at him for waking her when she worked in the eye shop.

'Time for some fun.' "Yes I would like to see your most advance model. Money is no problem obviously." She dragged him away into a separate room with five extremely costly trunks, each decorated with silver or gold. Of course, he wasn't really planning to buy a trunk, but the prospect of adding new charms to his Infinity trunk outweighed his desire to curse her.

"There is the Slytherin Special with twenty secret security charms, wards and even a powerful curse that scorches any would be thief's hands." The charms were basic and the colors looked like someone with only a child's understanding of favorite colors had gotten a hold of buckets of paint. "This one here is called Helga's Home. It has the ability to become a medium sized room, but lacks powerful security." This had basic charms to alter physical dimensions, but was so full of magic, the feather-light charm on it barely held. "The one in the middle is Raven's Records. It automatically archives everything you put on it so finding books and potion ingredients is easier."

"Let me guess, Griffons Courage or something like that, which has loads of space for animal, or can become a weapon and Merlin's Mage-work with everything from the others?" The girl frowned at his attitude, and then nodded. "Don't you have anything better? My trunk outclasses all of those."

"There are no models are better than these! It's just impossible! Show me your trunk!" She was getting annoying but Harry wanted to see how long he could waste her time before she attacked. Suddenly, her

demeanor changed and she was sickeningly sweet again. "Please show me what trunk you have. I could really make it worth your time."

"I'm not interested in whorish pedophiles, thank you. Guess that's it for today, good bye." Laughing, he calmly waltzed out with her screaming through a wall made from 'accidental' magic. 'Well, guess its time to stop at the wand shop. Finally, I can't believe you two waited this long before you let me get a wand.' Opening the door, Harry was immediately confronted by the ancient and powerful magician. They barely spoke until they had completed the customary process, at which time Merlin was already breaking a sweat.

"I have twenty foci that match you fairly well, and but most of them I can't sell to you. Can't have children running around with extremely dark weapons, can they? Anyway, your wand is five galleons, but I'll cut the price in half if you could carry these magical foci to my friend Tom." The old man wasn't even trying to be discreet but it would be impossible to accuse him of giving a child a dark wand. He would have a restful last year. "I'll instruct you on how to make something better later." The whisper was rushed, so Harry accepted it without response. "Thank you, now get moving." Without Harry or Tom speaking once, Ollivander nudged them out of the small shop.

"Damn, he still wants to die naturally. He really is too stubborn for his own good, but there isn't much we can do about it. Besides, he knows he would be more useful in death, where he can send us whatever else we need." Tom was oddly calm, but that seemed to be normal for him lately.

"Ok, let's arrange for the bonding and see what we can do with billions of gold coins up our sleeves." The prospect of them visiting one of their few friends brought an infectious smile to Harry's face and passers by were having trouble not smiling as well.

When he was in the bank, no goblin came forward to help him, so he started for the manager's hallway only to be stopped by a group of taller than normal guards. Apparently, someone had broken in during the night forcing Gringotts to step up security for the first time since the last inter species war.

"A lowly urchin like you shouldn't even attempt to bother the bank manager. Get moving before we're forced to remove you violently." All of them had cruel grins on their faces and Harry wondered why all lackeys made intimidating banter before attacking. A snap of his fingers had even their attack gargoyles pinned against the ceiling and he continued down the hall, ignoring Gobbledygook and English cursing. Another set of guards waited at the end of the hall, but these had seen what he could do and backed out of sight

"Hello Mr. Flitwick. I suspended your guards above the foyer because they almost attacked me. Anyway, what happened last night?" The little part human was reading suggestions from the guard management teams, but dropped the paperwork when Harry walked in.

"Yes, the shared vault of Lord Dumbledore and Lord Flamel had somehow been broken into. All we could detect was massive amounts of dark magic everywhere so we temporarily stepped up security." He paused to shift the papers to the side so he could clearly see Harry. "Oddly enough, the vault had been emptied by Dumbledore slightly earlier. We only recorded one item in it, but there were enough security charms to stop even our curse breakers from actually getting to it. At any rate, I presume you came here for more than gossip about the resent break in, am I correct?" Flitwick seemed calmer than normal, and almost seemed worried when he first started talking, but was quickly returning to his natural energetic self.

"Yes, I want to arrange for a bonding, and use a fraction of my fortune. First, are there any good bonding alters under goblin control? On the other hand, maybe I just purchase an area and have it worked into a good alter for me. Which do you think would work better?"

"There are several alters already set up, but they are very public and considering you'll probably need it, I suggest you use the Potter family's alters. The box I gave you earlier should have the location and any other information you'll need."

"Ok then, could you get me majority control of every business you can find? It might take a while, but there's no sense in letting a good stockpile of riches go to waste." "This might triple my vaults and I

could even get anything I'll need. Hell, I could even see how Death Eaters make a living and steal it away.'

"Hmm, I suppose I could set up a few stock purchases although you really are doing well on your own. It will take until Christmas to set everything up, but I'm confident that I could get it done."

"Great, you can use up to one billion galleons and you should take a million for yourself. After all, you didn't have to help me at all with anything. I really appreciate this you know."

"Poppycock, you're the one who should be getting thanks. After all, if you didn't stop Voldemort, he would have inevitably come after us. Besides I should be thanking you for such a generous payment; I only expected a few hundred galleons as a bank charge. We will take care of everything." The elderly part dwarf was beaming again and Harry couldn't help but wonder if he had a blood magic cheering charm in his family.

"So, where would be the place to procure bonding equipment? I want to be completely prepared." Harry did need to restock on magical bonding equipment, but only because using a duplicate made by the infinity trunk wore down its quality. This way, he could get at least another hundred uses of the bonding items before needing to get more again.

"Everything you need should be in the Potter family castle. If you really need to, I suppose you could visit 'Mystic and Mayhem' for a few carving knives and rune tablets. Now, is there anything else I could help you with?"

"Nothing comes to mind, could I get back to you about everything later?" 'Come to think of it, I've never checked the castles and manors. I definitely need to check every property I own and maybe go through my individual properties when I get a chance.'

"Well, I suppose I should get back to my paperwork. If you could bring the guards back down as you leave, it would be greatly appreciated. I don't want to have to pay them overtime after all, do I?" Mr. Flitwick pulled the documents in front of himself again and Harry took that as an invitation to leave. No guard stood in his way, and even other

patrons avoided him, as if they knew what had happened earlier. Once he was back outside, he snapped his fingers releasing the spell he had placed on the guards. Not feeling up to walking back, he slipped into a nearby alley and slid into the shadows reappearing in his room at the Leakey Cauldrons. When there, he pulled the golden box of bank information out of a pocket and set it down on his desk

“Might as well check everything I have.” Harry said to himself, which was apparently a bad idea. Three hours later, he had only managed Merlin, Evans, and Potter while the box simply seemed to be bottomless. “Bloody hell, forget this.” A brush of the inscription to right of the first one, and everything compressed itself into more manageable, less specific family folders. By the time, Harry had read over everything he needed to, Errol crashed through the window and seemed to die for a few seconds. The old bird was on his last wing so to speak, and Harry couldn’t bear to force him to make the return trip so he conjured a cage and levitated the elderly bird inside.

When Harry checked over the new letter, it was only covered in compulsion charms which where dismantled instantly, leaving a few spells to link it to another copy; it read:

Dear Lord Potter,

We accept your terms for the bonding of our children to you, under the condition that you swear your loyalty to the light or increase the amount by fifty thousand galleons. We also ask that you allow us use of the Potter main vault as our branch of your family has run into severe financial trouble, and monthly stipend from your family has even been halted. Please write your reply on the bottom of this letter as soon as possible, as we would like to arrange a meeting between our patriarchs preferably at four thirty on the day you receive this.

Signed,

Lord Arthur Weasley

“Great, let’s see. Its already three, so if I can go through my properties in an hour I can still have everything set up for a four thirty meeting.” The only problem was while his vaults where connected by the Time Coat, most of the houses had never been linked. Thus, if he

were going to put them to use at all, he would have to bond them to it sometime soon. Seeing this, Tom broke away from a mental movie theater and spoke to Harry for the first time in quite a while.

‘Hey, you know that we still need to link far many places to us right. Hell, we have enough to fill up this summer and then some. I think you should make a few doubles.’ A double was duplicates they made using doppelganger essence, but the only problem was they would only work for a day unless reinforced; doing so would keep them around for days, but would add an extra ten minutes to the five minute creation process. It was easier to create a temporary copy that would last an hour, but for a linking ceremony, a double would be best.

‘How about this, you start the doubles and give them their commands, while I go shopping for new equipment?’ Harry hated making doubles because he had never really mastered soul manipulation and that was vital to their creation. Actually, he had barely mastered anything, but when compared to a normal wizard, he was still god-like.

‘All right, but we’ll need to do this somewhere safer. How about Potter Castle as, according to this, it has two portkeys and the Potter ring. We can send one to the Weasleys, and still keep the ring and extra so there’s one for each of us.’ Tom had read the folders extremely early on and had simply kept the information to himself, much to Harry’s annoyance. Harry agreed and Tom pulled a necklace out of the box. ‘Remember, we need to save our magic for the bonding, so don’t teleport, or even use your animagi form.’

‘Damn, I forgot about it. You know, at first it was useless, but now it’s made everything a lot of this easier.’ Harry was annoyed at first when he became a small, four-legged spider-like creature after the animagi ritual unlike Tom who had five forms. The Royal Wyvern, a Hungarian Horntail, a color changing basilisk, a Hydra and of course a great Dementor each as awe-inspiring as the last. Merlin had just as many forms including a phoenix, and a Roc so his teasing was just as bad. Fortunately, the minute creature was more than it seemed. As he increased in power, so did it and it had too many useful abilities to count. When exposed to anything, it both gained a resistance to it,

and the abilities of it. That made the elements easier to learn, as he simply needed to touch them to get their powers.

Next were its dimensional abilities. He could alter time for one target however, he chose, and move it a kilometer at a time. However, its final ability made it simply amazing. If he touched any creature, he gained it's as a temporary extra form and if he drained blood, he would gain everything from it. This included knowledge, physical forms, magical ability, and even a bit of its soul; all of which he could access when human or not. 'Ok then, I'll see you in forty five minutes.' Harry took the necklace with the Potter insignia and walk out as Tom constructed a body using various mineral he kept in his coat. Once finished he hurriedly returned the various folder to their boxes and prepared to portkey.

A minute or two later, Tom had collected himself, and broke the constant drain from his form to his magic. He then slipped on the Potter ring, cleared his throat and intoned, "The lion marked by the sword." and vanished. When he stopped phasing through reality, and had dropped to the ground, he noticed he appeared at the forest gates instead of the actual castle.

"If you are not of a blood Potter, flee, for we guard this home against all others." Purred twin sphinxes as they melted out of the wall beside the gate, and moved to block the entrance. When they were completely out, both slinked over to him and realizing whom he was settled on the ground with their paws folded under them. "Creator, we were not aware you still walked among us. Our apologies know no words." Nut, the smaller one modeled after a leopard, started the sentence, and her twin Bast who was made to look like a puma finished.

"All is forgiven my pets, now lead me to the castle and summon a worker. Preferably quickly, as I can't maintain this much longer." Nut leaped away at his pause to fetch an elf, while Bast roared at the gate to allow him entrance. As an after thought, she then pulled him onto her back and dashed after her sister both going at speeds unmatched by wild cats. After a minute of riding, Nut disappeared into on of the many passages designed for them, and Bast continued at a tremendous pace. Finally, they arrived at a dragon-sized door with



Nut and a fur cloaked house elf. "Hello, descendant of Floppy." Its ears perked slightly and Tom could detect its surprise at being acknowledged correctly.

"The stories of the second master's greatness have been spread even among us, but I would never think that the great one would remember ancestor Floppy." The odd little creature was tearing up, and Tom had no doubt it was about to let loose a string of praises so he quickly settled it's magic and started talking.

"Nut, examine the security of the ritual room. I want Portkeys already connected allowed, and everything else blocked." She sprung away to follow his commands and he turned to Floppy Jr. "Offspring of Floppy, inform the other elves I have returned and will inhabit some of the properties. I want food purchased for up to twenty guests, everything running in the regular fashion, and everything maintained and cared for." He pulled a sack from an individual pocket he separated from the coat. "This will refill to five hundred galleons every week, so all expenses should be covered by it." The wolf pelted elf nodded and popped away to the others. Almost at once, his tangibility started draining away from his head down until he was slightly more than a poltergeist.

"Master, what happened? Is this what you meant, when you said you couldn't maintain it much longer?" Bast was panicking and Tom sighed in annoyance before he started to explain.

Harry was having a lot more fun in his search for bond potions, and knives as the woman who chased him out of the trunk store, had apparently been forced to track him down and apologize, or get find a new job. Oddly enough, she reminded him of someone he knew long ago, someone he hadn't seen in a long time. Thinking back to his time, he realized there was only one woman who shared any traits at all with her, but she wouldn't be working in a trunk store. They didn't even look much alike, but that only made him more suspicious.

"It's ok Miss Tonks, I think nothing bad of you because of it. Now, why don't we go back to the shop and discuss this with your supervisor." Though she looked at him oddly, she still agreed and directed him towards the shop. "I must ask though, why where you so cruel to me

when you worked at the Eye place? I just wanted to help.” Now the girl was blushing, stuttering an apology under her breath while trying to remember the reason for the behavior. Finally, she blushed even harder and launched into a long-winded report about that day. The keywords he actually paid attention to were ‘period’, ‘bad date’, and ‘nice dream’, which told him more than he really wanted to know. By the time they got to the store, she had started tearing up, but he was still picking up thoughts of ‘I can still nab him if I try hard enough.’ In her mind.

He quickly cleared everything up at the little shop, and was walking away when Tonks spun him around and gave him a massive hug. “Thank you, thank you, thank you!” she kept squealing and he really wondered why he didn’t obey his instinct and kill her the moment she first touched him.

“It was nothing really, now if I could continue my shopping trip.” She pried herself away from him and allowed them to lock eyes. ‘She wants to join me, she has nowhere to go, and her parents were somehow murdered earlier this year. Perfect’ Harry, unlike his teachers, still cared about other creatures so he could at least shelter her. Moreover, since she already dreamt about him, it would be easy work for Tom to mold her into a perfect servant. “Unless, you would like to come with me, that is. Since I’m living on my own, you can even stay with me for now and help me find out more about the wizarding world.” Who would worry about kidnappings by the savior, and she really did need somewhere to stay for a while. She lost a week’s pay when she bothered him earlier and the little hoard of gold she built up would suffer after she got her bills in two days.

“Why didn’t you say so earlier? I would love to” and she dragged him away to pick up useless knickknacks, and items for her while he snuck the items he needed. Now all he had to do was get her back home.

Back at the castle, Tom was re-carving runes for the third time into a huge bonding stone. The problem was, too many things were being processed mentally, and his occlumency couldn’t take it all. First, he

could tell Harry was forgetting what happened in his own world, as he was growing more lax and making more security slips.

“Honestly Harry probably can’t even remember what Azkaban did to him before he joined with me. He’s even forgetting what he had been learning the last few decades.” He missed a rune and vaporized the rock before reforming it as a perfectly smooth stone, and starting over again. Runes would never be his forte, but his centuries of knowledge had to worth something. Finally, before he could stop himself, he blasted the runes he needed into the rock and released the spell he was using. “Good enough, now, I just need Harry to remember what happened. I wonder why he’s forgetting in the first place, unless...” Tom had finally figured it out. Harry was storing all times where he was exposed to his friend’s betrayal away so he wouldn’t suffer as much when Tom went dementor. You could build a tolerance, but the effects almost never faded and Harry definitely wasn’t an exception to this rule; his sub-par demon magic showed that well enough. Then, the culmination of his negative thoughts popped into his head. “Oh god, what if he falls in love? No, that’s just lunacy; he remembers enough of his training to know that he can’t get attached to anyone other than himself and the dead.”

Nut looked over at him with a raised eyebrow. “Master, why not just bring the memories up for him so he eases into the personality he should have.” The plan made sense but he needed Harry to complete it and even then, it was risky.

“No, that would put me against him mentally and he has a decent amount of control over his defenses. Besides, I have a better plan,” He looked over to her and continued, “We’ll have an occlumency session and make him review every memory we have. That should jump start the little idiot’s brain.” She giggled and he realized he just insulted himself, in front of a sphinx no less; he would never hear the end of it. Sighing he transmuted the remaining conjured rocks into rune blocks and started to charm runes onto them. ‘This will be a long twenty minutes.’ He thought as he arranged them in what might have been the right order. A test stream of magic confirmed he needed a refresher course in runic bonding rituals, and with a sigh, he dove into his mind to fish for what he needed.

It was disturbingly easy to buy what he needed by playing the knowledge loving little boy card. He simply bought anything that looked 'wicked' and she accepted that because he was getting her a blindingly beautiful gown that she would never be able to afford on her own; she even forgot her own name and address a few times. What really scared him, though, was the fact that she hadn't really changed her form at all yet; everyone spoke of all the trouble she got into as a child and a teen because she could look like her own mother, or a random stranger who was passing by.

Thus, Harry waited, and plotted ways to find out if she still had any interesting abilities. Finally, while she was admiring a crystal tiara in a store far off Diagon alley, he numbed her shoulder. Not noticing, she was an easy target for the incision spell he sparked from the palm he rested there to draw her attention. The few drops went into a vial and disappeared into a pocket before he spoke.

"Miss Tonks? Are you okay?" she turned and nodded, still overwhelm by the item's beauty. "It's getting late, and I need to be home soon. Ready to go?" then she followed along after him.

Once they got behind the wall to Diagon alley, he placed the portkey in her hand and said "Roar of the lion king." She was snapped back into focus by hundreds of kilometers shifting past them until the portkey had found the right place, and bashed them against the stone path leading to the castle doors. Tonks sat on the ground astounded at the palace before he hoisted her to her feet and dragged her through the doors.

Once inside, Harry snapped his fingers and stood in wait for the houseelves to recognize his bloodline. Within moments, five were bowing at his feet, and another was gently removing his coat. Tonks, who had rightfully withstood a large amount that day, simply couldn't take it. Her eyes rolled back into her head, and she fell onto a cushion that spawned in front of her.

"Take her to a guest room, and tend to her needs as you would normally." He looked around and thought for a second before turning back to them. "Hmm, could one of you bring me the maps of the grounds and this place's interior?" Two elves ran off hovering Tonks on the cushion between them while the rest either stood out of his way bowing, or disappeared to get him his maps. Three minutes later, the little elves had located every map of the Potter estates, and piled them high beside him.

"Here you are master, the maps of all the grounds within your realm, and the building structure of this castle." It started wringing its ear and shuffling from side to side nervously. Then it threw itself at the ground in front of him bawling, but making sure it didn't touch his feet. The others had already learned to resist this impulse so it was obviously the youngest. Harry sighed before picking it up by the back of its neck and stood it back up.

Elves were simple creatures by nature; they were born by breeding several powerful creatures together with simple-minded ones; goblins with trolls, true vampires with imps. They were then bound under runic magic to serve a family until death, but was difficult to complete that process. The first few hundred worked well, but were too impractical to create, so mages went the simpler path. When an elf was born, their magic was connected to a human immediately. Years later, they were traded, and then the problems started. They stopped connecting magic to their masters and instead started to gain temporary connections to the most powerful people they saw. He had simply overloaded the little guy with his power.

"Do you have your name yet?" The elf shook his head looking ashamed of himself for taking his master's time. "Then I order you to tell me what your name is. As a matter of fact, organize all of the elves introduction to me in a few days." Harry patted his head and the

elf beamed at him like a happy dog. "Lead me to the den; I might as well be comfortable while I do this." The young elf bowed twice and started leading him to lounge, all the while describing the rooms, forest, and all of the surrounding area. The elf had been taught enough to know Harry was charming the maps into his mind, and descriptions of them made the painful process much easier.

"Nut, go find Harry, I'm pretty sure he's somewhere near here. Something tells me he got a bit distracted, and is just wandering around now." Looking more leopard than ever, Nut sprung into a passage in the wall as her sister awaited instruction. "Hmm, I suppose you could set things up for the Weasley family; I doubt they will simply leave their children after a horribly destructive ritual, and I want them under my thumb. Having scapegoats and shields as plentiful as them would keep us out of harms way for the most part."

"Are you sure?" She hated visitors and from what she was allowed from her master's mind, they would be horrible. Tom however, continued blasting what he needed in runes around the room, so she simply marched away quietly. Five minutes later, Nut smugly stalked in with an annoyed Harry behind her.

"What the bloody hell is up with this damned cat-woman? She kept popping in and out of walls around me while I tried to find out where you were." At this she walk to a corner near a new passage, and sat looking for all the world, like a statue. Moments later Bast appeared next to her, and nodded her head to signal, her mission was complete.

"Well, that's the fun part of having sphinxes isn't it? They do love their tricks...and messing with minds in general, but that is not a subject for today." Tom finished enchanting the room, and Harry finished it with the strongest master rune he could think of. "We have about fifteen minutes to get this place ready to be under siege of the best Dumbledore can pull out his ass. Go take a nap or something." Truthfully, a few seconds of magic would either clear everything Dumbledore could do or block it, so they might as well relax. Planning on just that, they wove a system of enchantments that would more than withstand the upcoming damage, fused together, and seemed to doze off with protection charms shimmering in the air.

“Mom, will I really be part of the great Potter family?” For the thirteenth time in five minutes, Molly explained the situation to her only daughter. She couldn’t help but feel bad about it, but their access to the Potter Branch stipend had been cut off, and they were already running low on galleons. Once again, she explained to her daughter in gentle words, they were giving her a head start on the hunt for Harry’s heart, and that would be the best way to her together with the hero. Behind her, Dumbledore smiled and nodded as he set a next layer of spells on them.

‘Everything is going perfectly; even the little one is doing her part. How could he want to join Tom in his reign of destruction?’ The last spell hit Ginny and she sagged into her chair a little, before energetically popping back up. “Are you ready? There is no pressure you know, if you want to stay a normal Weasley, you can.” He didn’t think for a second that she would turn the offer down, and she didn’t. “Alright then, everyone grab a hold of the amulet and wait.”

There was a large shuffle, and all but the two oldest Weasley children who weren’t present. In exactly eight seconds, they were compressed and distorted while spiraling towards the ritual site. Mid-flight, Dumbledore drew his wands and let loose a stream of charms going from locators, to power binders in rapid succession. Percy, who unlike the others had his eyes open the whole time, was hit with an Obliviate that barely broke the spell chain. Before the spell could full take effect, he was flung into the stone visitor’s chamber and passed out, just as the others floated down serenely.

They waited a minute before the statue sitting in a dimly lit corner of the room stood and slinked over to them. “Welcome, ancient and proud Weasley clan.” Nut was laying it on thick as the Weasleys had started only five hundred years ago, but they were too impressed to notice. Dumbledore even stopped his spell casting to try to remember if the Potters always had sphinxes, but James had never bothered visiting most of his homes, and his parents were very secretive.

Seeing the awed looks on their faces, Nut preened herself slightly, then continued a bit smugger than before. “As you are obviously here for the bonding, why don’t you follow me to the guest chamber so you can recover from that horrid trip? I see one of you will need it more

than others.” Everyone’s gaze swiveled to Ginny, but she simply gazing mindlessly, obviously thinking of Harry as she giggled occasionally. Dumbledore however, went to Percy immediately, and by the time the others had turned to them, he was already casting spell over him. Albus then stood, and marched off after the leaving sphinx, with the floating third born in tow.

Harry and Tom sat facing each other in deep meditation; every thought one brought up was immediately ricocheted from one mind to the other in a mental Tennis match. Then, in symmetry, they stood and walked through each other, the action blurring the already ill define barriers of their minds. Tom recovered first, and then sat in wait as Harry pulled his thoughts back in order, a frown already appearing on his mental face.

“Three hundred, twenty seven. One-hundred, and twenty-seven slip ups that we trained me to defend against. Fifty-nine chances to scope out opponents that I missed. Fifty-one chances to seem like a greater hero than most imagine. Ninety occasions where I could have gained new spells, better than normal products, or even plain knowledge.” Harry was progressively growing angrier, and even Tom was starting to get pissed.

‘Bloody hell, we’ve only been back for a day. There’s no way he could have repressed that much.’ Oddly, both then started to smile, as if they had restarted the meditation. Soon laughter followed leaving both rolling on the floor.

As one the yelled out, “Guess what? Life just got a bit worst for all of you bitches!” Harry’s eyes slowly started changing from the green he inherited from Voldemort’s curse, to silver from his animagi form; simultaneously, Tom’s eyes turned black as his part demon form. The color change lasted less than a second, before they wisped out of existence, disappearing back to reality.

Bast sat, lounging in a secret chamber filled with other big cats; the last defense of the Potter stronghold. Then, as one, they all sprang to attention, all eyes lock onto hers for instruction; all of them felt a massive magical surge. She sighed, flicking her tail at them, calming them all back into their century long sleep. Most were still fixing



themselves in a comfortable position as she sailed over them and into an unnoticeable tunnel leading to the ritual chamber.

Harry was brimming with power he hadn't felt since the fourth decade of their training. Every power boosting ritual, every spell combination, all the magical abilities he had absorbed, and every single fragment of knowledge were unlocked as magic he released coiled inside of him. Him, Tom, and Merlin all had this power suppressant on them so if they ever lost control of their mind or body, their powers wouldn't be used against them. After all, if a simple possession could give your enemies your power, what's the use of even having them?

Standing, Harry tightened the coil to stop excess magic release, and reinforced the charms he had cast earlier. Then, drawing power from the magic thick air around him, he teleported to Tonks in one of the closer guest rooms. Her light snores immediately muffled his nearly inaudible whispers of arcane words as she was gently slipped into servitude; her dreams never even interrupted. However, this small feat of magic brought him out of their power induced high long enough to nullify the adverse effects.

During all of this, Tom was relaxing deep with their joined mind; it took less time for him to overcome the unrestrained power because he had gone through the same several times. As time slowed, he glanced around spreading his own magic to see if there was any restricted information, their special technique had left out. The tendrils reported there wasn't anything remaining, though the ones that extended the furthest came back different. Each of the longer ones was damaged and barely steady enough to maintain their form. Somehow, Harry was slowly rejecting his magic.

It wasn't exactly a new revelation, but the fact that the reaction was slowly getting more violent was troubling. He and Merlin theorized that if the effect became too powerful, one of them would die; Tom preferably, because if Harry died, Tom would inescapably follow; it wasn't his body, and it would take too long to grow attached to a new one. Tom ceased his musing to change the flow of time in Harry's mind. After all, the ritual to slow this problem was long, and he would need all the time he could get.

Harry on the other hand, seemed to be enjoying himself. The moment he slid through the castle's walls, and into the room, everyone stopped moving. While Dumbledore had the excuse of being dropped miles above Hogwarts, the Weasleys seemed to fear the power he was still restraining; as a whole, the conscious members of the group shrunk back.

"Well then, let's get started with the ritual. I suggest one of you stay with Percy, and monitor his condition. I doubt he'll be very comfortable waking up alone in a strange place. The rest of you follow me to the ritual room." Nut sat by the edge of the room seeming to slip in unconsciousness, but kept her slitter eyes a quarter open to eye Mrs. Weasley. As the matriarch took a set next to her middle son, the rest file out behind Harry, chattering quietly about his odd powers. A minute later, they were walking into the ritual room, and Harry ordered everyone into their places.

"Ginerva, Ronald, take off your shirts and sit in the center of the circle. You twins, and Dumbledore, go into that corner and stay there." The last order wasn't necessary, as they were soon dragged over to the designated area via summoning spell. The ritual subjects however, were both blushing furiously. At the glare of their father, they complied with little resistance. "Good. Now just sit there and when I tell you, hold out your palms. As long as the keep your hand's steady, I'll do the rest."

Harry walked to a small square on the edge of the circle and cancelled all spells but the ones truly necessary. He never did figure out his own custom ritual style, so balancing the ritual, and stopping Dumbledore from interfering might actually take concentration. Breaking the almost painful silence, he immediately prepared himself and began.

**"Serví abicio anima abeo erus. Advoco animas ab dominus. Abicio anhelitos diende sanguis. Now."** Only Dumbledore had the faintest idea what that meant, but it was already too late. A silver dagger slipped into Harry's hand mid speech, and streaked over the hands of the two young Weasleys. A second slash in the center of their chests left them gurgling as their magic frothed and toiled to bend to him. Finally, they both went limp and convulsed on the floor a

bit, before slowly rising in a bow. The youngest of the Weasley clan, Ron and Ginny, were now his nameless servants.

Besides barely fortifying the bond between Harry and himself, Tom was finally getting a few moments to relax. From what he could see, the ritual had gone swimmingly, and Harry was already undoing the wards on his new followers. That was of course before his hand started itching. Ignoring the annoying feeling, he continued lounging on his personal beach before his mind realized what was wrong. His hands weren't real enough to itch. His mood became dire when the itch turned into a desperate tugging.

Checking the back of his right hand, his suspicions were realized when a winged basilisk flashed on his hand. On the other, a phoenix flashed several bright colors. After a few seconds, the glow from the phoenix stopped suddenly, and the bird withered away. What little remained of his tainted, corrupted heart sank. Simply put, Merlin had died.

## ***LATER***

Harry calmly strolled through Kings Cross, with Ron at his heels. Turning slightly, Harry nodded at the slave's family before the two boys ran through Station 9 and  $\frac{3}{4}$ .

Once through, Harry who simply wore his magical coat, slid through the crowd with ease. Ron was forced to run through the massive crowd just to keep up. The result was several disgruntle parents who were slammed into by a short, redheaded boy carrying a cheap trunk. Wheezing, Ron wished for a cart as he made more and more enemies, before even getting on the train.

Harry however, had taken the only unoccupied carriage and sealed it shut. Activating pin-sized runes over his eyes, he looked into possible futures to see what chances there were for rescuing Sirius. Unfortunately, to keep the advantage of foresight, Harry couldn't save him quite yet, but Tom had lessened the intensity of the dementor attacks, and increased the amount of good food he got. Every other scenario ended with changes beyond what they wanted, so they

would have to check occasionally to see if there were any ways to save him early.

His musing was interrupted by Ron, Hermione, and Neville hammering at the door. Ron looked sheepish, but still hunched at Hermione's side as she battered the sealed door, with fist and magic alike. Neville was grimacing at the noise she was making, but didn't attempt to stop her, for fear of being throttled by a pre-pubescent know-it-all.

"Damn. This year is going to suck." He muttered while gesturing for the door to open. Two mental voices echoed him, just as the small group tumbled to his feet.

As Hermione babbled on about what she had read, the others were finding ways of making it through the train ride. Neville was hanging onto every word in an attempt to surpassing a squib. Harry and Ron, however, appeared to be sleeping. Closer looks at Ron would reveal a flushed face and painful expressions, but he made few movements that gave this away.

Deep inside of his mind, past layers of shield scorched into his thoughts, Harry and Ron were discussing the trip. Well, at any rate, Harry was discussing the trip. Ron on the other hand was being transformed into pure energy, cell by cell, while his blood froze and boiled using the pain and energy as fuel. His imaginary throat had long ago ripped itself it shreds leaving red tainted drool pouring from his lips, and his bones were secreting an inhumanely powerful acid from their marrow. He might have even tried to crawl away at this point, but spiked balled protruded out of his palms and into the soles of his feet, rolling him into an unnatural shape.

“Now, why did you lead them to my room? This time, every stutter will slow down the process by a quarter.” Harry hadn’t tortured anyone at all before, so this mental assault was doing wonders for his creativity. Of course, Ron couldn’t really appreciate this, as the destruction spread up to his eyes, and deep into his skull intensifying the screams. Lazily, Harry lowered the pain’s intensity so his servant could speak.

“I was f-forced to! All the other compartments were full and I d-d-didn’t want to have to wait in the hall all train-ride! Please, it isn’t that much of a big deal!” he got a second to pull a breath, before Harry concentrated the pain on Ron’s eyes, while regenerating them. Once the pain had reached Harry’s mental, and magical limits, he moved it to the heart; this continued for eon, as Ron experience more, and more new pain, his mental muscles eventually returning to their natural states so the session could restart with his pain limit normal.

“But you knew that I had planned to be alone, didn’t you? I’m more than sure that you could have found another room. Thus, your punishment will continue.” A forty-year-old man materialized and smiled hungrily at Ron. One of the greatest benefits of being a dementor was you could summon any soul you consumed at any

time; obviously, most dementor were only intelligent enough to make new dementors every five or so souls. The one Harry summoned just happened to be a pedophile and rapist who really like redheads, an odd coincident indeed as the redhead at their feet wasn't in any shape to protect himself..

'This should be a good enough taste of my punishments for him to never disobey me again. Even when away from the security of my home, he's not safe. After all, these minor infractions will add up eventually, so he'll probably thank me when his will is completely broken.' Harry thought while walking away to leave the soul creation to do his work. However, completely breaking Ron this early would mean he would be fit for torture later, he realized. Still weighing his options he sighed, and decided to get more creative in his next punishment set.

"If you don't shape up, I'll let whatever scum I've killed and absorbed entertain themselves with your body. I doubt it would be pleasant, so you might not want to force me to allow it." The summoned man was struggling to pin the already damaged Weasley down, when all of them disappeared suddenly.

Ron woke in a half-lucid frenzy, nearly crapping himself and throat prepped to scream, but the warning still haunted his mind. Looking to his master, he scratched at the scar over his heart, before he pulled on a happy mask. Underneath, he was shivering, from a lingering mental cold chill left in his master's wake. Though the enchantments Dumbledore placed on him had helped him recover, they held like wet parchment against Harry's waterspout of ability.

'Maybe, I should simply give up to him. He's too strong to be controlled, and I don't think there's anyone who can win against him if Dumbledore can't'.

The remaining train ride was uneventful, with Ron making distracting conversation with the others while Harry went through his written animal notes. Whenever he gained a new animal, he would go through everything he had even remotely related to it. After all, it was impressive to be able to become an extinct dragon, but it was awe

inspiring to be able to create a temporary one to follow a legend perfectly.

“So, anyway, I cross referenced the facts in that book with three others. And guess what! That book was completely inaccurate! I sent a letter to the publishing company about that, and they gave me an award! I was even...” Losing his patience, Harry almost put a silencing charm on the annoying group, before deciding to simply block out all useless conversation. Roughly, twelve seconds later, there was another knock at the door, only this one was gentler.

“Ron.” The redhead was immediately turned to Harry, trying to look as calm as possible. An eon of torture had increased his loyalty to its peak; while he knew he would never be allowed to get used to the pain, the fact that it was one of his first real punishments had etched itself in him. “Open the door for Malfoy.”

Failing to hide his grimace, Ron quickly tore the door open, ignoring their family’s blood feud. Striding arrogantly, the inbred heir approached the group his guards mindlessly trailing him. “Well Potter, when you go looking for ruffraff, you certainly go for the worst don’t you?” Both Ron, and Hermione bristled, but Harry barely acknowledged the comment.

“I have no time for the witty banter. If you don’t give a reason for being here, the problems your family has run into will be magnified tenfold.” Never looking up from his notes, Harry pointed to Hermione, then Neville. “You two, get out. This is a private matter.” Grumbling about ill-mannered boys, Hermione dragged Neville out to continue her story.

Fumbling under his cloak for a second, Draco retrieved a black letter with golden writing. “Father asked for me to deliver this personally. I’m not sure why it’s important, but I assume it’s our plan for torturing out money back.” He held out the letter. “I’m not sure why I even have to bother with this. Maybe I’m just here to show you that our families will be neutral as long as you work quickly.”

The letter suddenly jerked itself out of his hand, and hovered for a second, while he gaped. Then, as if it was possessed by a breeze, it calmly floated onto Harry’s hand. Still reading his almost limitless

notes, Harry deftly shredded the envelope with his fingers, leaving the letter flat on his palm. With a sigh, He closed his notebook, and floated the letter in front of his face.

“Dear lord Potter,” He mumbled as he passed the useless crap that all purebloods found necessary for correspondence. “Acknowledge your power... believe an alliance would be beneficial to both of our families...Offer our son and his younger siblings as servants in exchange for the return of our wealth...That’s all? Hmm, oh well, looks like you have a new friend Ron.” Everyone, excluding the super powered reader, was shocked.

“The hell do you mean?! Corves and I aren’t galleons that should be traded for what they want!” The blonde-haired idiot went on a little rant while Harry went back to reading. Eventually, he got bored of reading, and stopped to see the Malfoy throwing a tantrum on the floor. “No, No, NO! We’re Malfoys...Royalty! We should never be forced to serve someone!”

‘Well, looks like this room is destined to have idiots knocking. Forget the stupid ride.’ Hearing two agreeing snores, Harry picked up his single book, and walked over to Ron, making sure to step on the immature fool on the ground. “Get your trunk, were leaving.” The order took a few seconds to sink in, but as soon as Ron realized he hadn’t obeyed yet, he sprung into action. Bumbling over himself, the Weasley retrieved the trunk, and stood tense with confusion.

“Where are we going?” After a second of thought, he cringed at his disrespectful tone, but Harry ignored it. Never looking up from the book, Harry lifted his right arm to let magic twirl around it. Once it had formed a ball, he clenched it and the light spread over him, and his slaves bathing the two servants in malignant energy.

“We’re going demon hunting.” There was a whimper, and the hissing sound of a teenager pissing his pants, before the compartment exploded, blasting heat everywhere. Then, the compartment was silent.



Lord Doxkid

The continuation of Harry Potter and the Last Mistake is now up. Thank you all for taking the time to ready my story, and I hope that it kept you interested enough to continue to the next one.